

The Sunday Evening Post

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SYLVIA'S SONG.

BY ROSA PERRY.

The days are sweet and long—O! sweet and long;
All day I sit and dream, or sing the song
That some one sang for me one summer day.
For me, to me, before he went his way.

The days are sweet and long—O! sweet and long;
And in the sun I sit, and sing my song:
Some day he will come back who went away,
And sing the song I sing from day to day.

The days are long, but sweet—O! long, but sweet;
Some day will hear the music of his feet
Who sang for me, and sang my heart away,
My happy heart—before he went his way.

Some day—to-day, perhaps—he'll come to me;
And then the days, so long, but sweet to me,
Will lose the burden of "so long, so long!"
And only keep the sweet of all the song.

—Old and New.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL MOLINA," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

Milly must have lain a long time on the floor in a swoon—when she came to herself, the daylight was streaming broad and full through the curtains; the fire had died entirely out, and she was so chilled and weak that at first she could neither rise nor comprehend what had happened.

It came slowly back, the terrible memory of the past night! Milly dragged herself to the bed and lay down—lay there for hours, not sleeping, not thinking, wild with the whirl in her brain, but with the stern unforgetfulness strong in her mind. At last she heard some one knock at the door—it was a servant sent by Mrs. Graham to know if she was coming down.

Then Milly began to realize that life had to go on again; she could not remain there in her solitary anguish; she must go forth and meet her aunt, give explanations of all that had happened, listen to blame and reproaches—live and do like common mortals. She threw off her crushed half-dress, and managed to get into a morning gown, but made no effort to go down stairs.

Then Mrs. Graham came up; she was very angry at Milly's staying so long behind her at the hall; had been frightened by her appearance when she rushed past the door—more angry and alarmed as she thought the matter over, and became convinced that something very strange and unpleasant had occurred. Upstairs she marched, and knocked loudly—there was no response.

"Open the door, Milly," she exclaimed; "I insist on coming in."

Milly hesitated a little, then allowed her to enter—as well then as ever; the scene and the contest must come—let her get them over and be done. She never noticed her aunt's look of astonishment—listened passively when she broke into a torrent of exclamations and inquiries, and insisted on having an explanation of this mysterious conduct. Milly sat down, calm from the exhaustion which follows such dreadful excitement, but so determined, that her aunt's anger had no place in her thoughts.

"Are you sick, Milly?"

"No," returned Milly, wearily.

It was an effort to speak; if she could only be left alone; not compelled to see the face of any human being; allowed to wear out in utter solitude, the first hours of the anguish which had come upon her!

"You look dreadfully," pursued Mrs. Graham; "you are as white as a ghost, and your eyes look as if you had not closed them all night."

There was no need of an answer; Milly sat dumb.

Mrs. Graham's anxiety at her appearance, was merged in curiosity to know what had happened, and a sudden dread that by some fully Milly had endangered her whole future.

"If you are not sick," she said, with no great amount of tenderness in her voice, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

"I am very tired, aunt," replied Milly, resolutely; "I wish you would not make me talk this morning."

"This is ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, beginning to feel very indignant. "I insist upon an explanation! Milly, what ails you?"

She was silent; how could she put her misery in words to that woman standing so coldly before her? How could she cry out that her heart was broken; the whole world, the beautiful world where she had been wandering, laid in ruins at her feet, with every sweet hope, every youthful joy crushed under them!

"Will you tell me?" urged her aunt.

Milly tried to speak; there was a suffo-



FISHING FOR THE ELECTRICAL EEL (GYMNOTUS) ON THE ORINOCO, SOUTH AMERICA.

The Gymnotus are fresh-water fishes of South America, where they attain a great size. There are several species, but the most remarkable, from the singular physical properties, is the Electrical Eel. These properties enable the gymnotus to arrest suddenly the pursuit of an enemy, or the flight of its prey, to suspend on the instant every movement of its victim, and subdue it by an invisible power. Even the fishermen themselves are suddenly struck and rendered torpid at the moment of seizing it, while nothing external betrays the mysterious power possessed by the animal.

We are indebted to Alexander von Humboldt, for the first precise account of this very curious fish. This celebrated naturalist read to the Institute of France an important memoir upon the electrical eel from Bonpland's observations, the substance of which we shall give here.

In traversing the Llanos of the province of Caracas, M. Bonpland stopped at Calabozo. The object of this journey was to investigate the history of the gymnotus, great numbers of which are found in the neighborhood. After three days' residence in Calabozo some Indians conducted them to the Cano de Bera, a muddy and stagnant basin, but surrounded by rich vegetation, in which *Clusia rosea*, some grand Indian figs, and some magnificent flowering odoriferous mimosa, were pre-eminent. They were much surprised when informed that it would be necessary to take thirty half-wild horses from the neighboring savannahs in order to fish for the gymnotus. The idea of this fishing, called in the language of the country *embarrascar con caballos* (intoxicating by means of horses), is very odd. The word *embarrascar* indicates the roots of the *Lacquinia*, or any other poisonous plant, by contact with which a body of water acquires the property of killing, or, at least, of intoxicating or

stuporizing the fishes. There come to the surface then, they have been poisoned in this manner. The horses chasing them here and there in a marshy place, it seems, the same effect upon the alarmed fishes. While our hosts were explaining to us this strange mode of fishing, the troop of horses and mules had arrived, and the Indians had made a sort of battue, pressing the horses on all sides, and forcing them into the marsh. The Indians, armed with long poles and harpoons, placed themselves round the basin, some of them mounting the trees, whose branches hung over the water, and by their cries, and still more by their canes, prevented the horses from landing again. The eels, stunned by the noise, defended themselves by repeated discharges of their batteries. For a long time it seemed as if they would be victorious over the horses. Some of the mules, especially, being almost stifled by the frequency and force of the shock, disappeared under the water, and some of the horses, in spite of the watchfulness of the Indians, regained the bank, where, overcome by the shocks they had undergone, they stretched themselves at their whole length. The picture presented was now indescribable. Groups of Indians surrounded the basin; the horses with bristling manes, terror and grief in their eyes, trying to escape from the storm which had surprised them; the eels, yellow and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents swimming on the surface of the water, and chasing their enemies, were objects at once appalling and picturesque. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. An eel, more than five feet long, glided under one horse, discharged its apparatus through its whole extent, attacking at once the heart, the viscera, and the plexus of the nerves of the animal, probably benumbing and finally drowning it. When the struggle had endured a quarter

of an hour, the mules and horses appeared less frightened, the manes became less erect, the eyes expressed less terror, the eels shunned in place of attacking them, at the same time approaching the bank, when they were easily taken by throwing little harpoons at them attached to long cords, the harpoons sometimes hooking two at a time, being landed by means of the long cord. They were drawn ashore without being able to communicate any shock.

Having landed the eels, they were transported to little pools dug in the soil, and filled with fresh water; but such is the terror they inspire, that none of the people of the country would release them from the harpoon—a task which the travellers had to perform themselves, and receive the first shock, which was not slight—the most energetic surprising in force that communicated by a Leyden jar completely charged. The gymnotus surpasses in size and strength all the other electric fishes. Humboldt saw them five feet three inches long. They vary in color according to age, and the nature of the muddy water in which they live. Beneath the head is a fine yellow color mixed with red; the mouth is large, and furnished with small teeth arranged in many rows.

The gymnotus makes its shock felt in any part of its body which is touched, but the excitement is greater when touched under the belly, and in the pectoral fin. The gymnotus gives the most frightful shocks without the least muscular movement in the fin, in the head, or any other part of the body. The shock, indeed, depends upon the will of the animal, and in this respect differs from a Leyden jar, which is discharged by communicating with two opposite poles. It happens sometimes that a gymnotus, seriously wounded, only gives a very weak shock, but if, thinking it exhausted, it is touched fearlessly and at once, its discharge is terrible.

joined to do it—exulting at the idea of her own wickedness, and longing for some unpardonable sin that she might commit it.

These things sound very dreadful, I know, but passionate natures do feel so for a season when a great trouble has roused them to their full intensity, and even the remembrance of religious teachings or true womanliness cannot keep them from it.

Milly heard her aunt's voice again—it sounded faint as if it came from a great distance; the very objects about, so familiar and treasured, looked strange as if the whole aspect of the apartment had changed during the night.

"Now tell me all about it, Milly, like a good girl," Mrs. Graham was saying; "I promise that everything shall be set right. You shall not be called on to make concessions, or do any of those things girls think so humiliating—it shall be right—just tell me."

Milly recollected a story of a woman whose relatives had forsaken her and her child—at last one of them repeated, and came to her with the help she had begged—but while the kindness was offered, the woman's child lay dead on her bosom. Certainly the story was in no way applicable to her, but it came into her mind, and she, bolder her dead hope to her heart, and her aunt standing before her, talking of reconciliation and new joys, and she with the chill of that corpse freezing into her very soul.

"Now don't be obstinate, Milly; it is only foolish and mischievous, and I give you credit for not being like girls in general. What did you and Walter quarrel about? Don't say you haven't quarrelled, because I know you have."

She sat down on the sofa beside Milly;

remembering all that depended upon this marriage, not only for Milly but herself, she grew more gentle in her desire to bring her niece into a conciliatory frame of mind. Milly shrank from her—she could not bear her touch—nobody must come near her then.

"I declare, Milly, one would think you were acting a play," said her aunt, growing angry again. "I don't suppose you have been struck dumb or are out of your senses—I beg you will not be ridiculous."

These words did Milly good; they gave her strength. No, her suffering must not be made deplorable; she would be like herself, or if not that, perfectly calm and self-possessed. Let her aunt question—each inquiry was like pressing a hot iron on her wounds, but she must accustom herself to endurance; the story must be told—as well then as ever.

So when her aunt said again—
"Will you tell me what is the matter between you and Mr. Thorman?"

She answered in a sharp, strained voice: "I will not marry Walter Thorman—I have told him so—I don't love him."

She closed her lips firmly and sat looking straight in her aunt's face, utterly indifferent to the incredulity and wrath which she read there.

"Not marry Walter Thorman?" cried Mrs. Graham. "Oh, you have gone mad—quite mad!"

"I am not mad, aunt," returned Milly; "I know very well what I am saying—I will not marry Mr. Thorman."

"And you have told him so?"

"I have told him so," still in the same steady voice.

Mrs. Graham leaned back agitated; the affair began to look more serious than she

had expected; still she could not believe that the difficulty was beyond remedy. Of course Milly's declaration was for nothing; young women frequently made such resolves when they were angry for the purpose of being teased into breaking them. Mrs. Graham would be cool—she had an idea that Milly would be ultimately overcome if thoroughly aroused; she would be cool—she must get at the bottom of the matter without delay.

"At least you can give some reason for this extraordinary determination, I suppose?"

If it was possible, Milly's white face grew whiter when her aunt's question brought up the reason she must give for her attitude—the words she had heard Walter Thorman speak to the women—the words—the two women had heard!

Mrs. Graham looked at her in astonishment; she knew that it was not in Milly's nature to bring deep feeling out—she had no young lady's notion of meaning for the edification of her friends and wearing her sorrow painted on her face upon every plausible occasion. It made her aunt wonder; unable to understand the mingled signs of pain and indignation which swept across her features as she recalled the scene of the previous evening as it was impressed upon her excited mind.

"Don't look so, Milly!" she exclaimed, not knowing in the least what to make of the girl in this new phase of her character.

She did not venture to take refuge in sarcasm and warn her that she was not acting wisely—Milly's appearance forbade that; it was not in her disposition to even her arms and had her sister come and seen her like a chicken, she would have felt instinctively that Milly would prefer the quietest contempt to such an exhibition of tenderness.

"What one Walter Thorman has done so horrible that you need look like that?"

"No, he has done what I never can, what I never will forgive! If I believed my heart weak enough to pardon him and receive him in it again, I would tear it out with my own hands."

Could that be Milly uttering such wild words with such passion? No wonder Mrs. Graham asked herself that question, as Walter Thorman had done on the preceding night. If it was Milly, it certainly was not the Milly who had been treated as a child, supposed to have no thoughts and feelings beyond those common to girls of her age—and the Milly who a month ago, just one little month, had been so crying, so complaining; with her heart so full of sunshine and her eyes so glad with content. No, never the Milly any more—she was gone—dead in the sudden wreck of hope and trust; the creature who had taken her place was a woman, hard, bitter, defiant; with a knowledge of evil forced upon her of which the other Milly had been innocent.

Some perception of this change came over Mrs. Graham's mind; she began to see with what and with whom she had to deal. There was something very black at the bottom of all this, but it must be cleared up, set right; fortune, position, a whole future could not be flung aside for any reasons that the heart alone might dictate. The bare possibility of a disaster and failure like that roused Mrs. Graham almost to a pitch of frenzy.

"You certainly are crazy, Milly," she said.

"This is some fancy you have taken—some wild fit of anger."

"Fancy!" interrupted Milly, while two scarlet spots blazed over the whiteness of her cheeks. "You will make me speak—you will make me put my shame into words—shame for one of my age to have the knowledge of such sin forced upon her!"

"What, for heaven's sake? He could have done nothing so terrible as your words would imply! You don't know what you are saying—you can't know."

"If you had seen your husband bending over another woman—kissing her—speaking words of love—wouldn't you have known what it meant?" cried Milly in a sharp, frightened tone. "Let me alone, aunt—don't ask me any more questions—I won't answer! It's bad enough to have all this on my soul, without being forced to put it in words—let me alone, I say!"

Mrs. Graham turned away utterly bewildered; she could not trust herself to talk just then; she was sorry for Milly, but furious with her, with Thorman, everybody, because this sudden barrier had come between her and the fulfillment of her wishes.

"It's that Dornier woman!" she exclaimed wrathfully, after a long silence which Milly could not have broken.

"You see!" exclaimed Milly. "You had noticed—you knew that he loved her—you knew—"

"I know nothing of the sort," retorted her aunt; "I don't believe it now. She is an abominable flirt, and the best men will humor such a woman."

"Humor!" repeated Milly.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Graham; "it's their way. I don't pretend to defend the thing, but all men will do it. I have no idea there was anything wrong in what you saw or heard—just ridiculous gallantry and coquetry. The truth is, you have been having as bad a time as possible to Thorman for several weeks. You were jealous of Leonie Dornier all the time, and I thought so—if you had said one word to him, it might have all been set right."

"Would you have had me beg and plead with him to be true?" cried Milly. "Was I a dog to be petted when he chose, and sent

into a corner when he grew tired of me? I tell you, aunt, you don't know me! I am not a child—I am a woman! I feel with all a woman's passion, and hate with all a woman's force."

"This was new talk in Mrs. Gresham's experience of young ladies; she tried to tell her to restrain it. She did what women would have done under the circumstances—went into a rage and began the details of her own personal history and wrongs outside of the affair."

"After all the pain I have taken," she resumed, "to be treated in this way! I have been a mother to you, Milly; I have brought you up with every care—Maud out of society on your account, and now you behave in this unbecoming manner."

"Would you have me marry him?" demanded Milly, with a flash of hot indignation in her eyes.

"Girls can't break engagements with impunity," urged Mrs. Gresham evasively. "Ever so many people know of your engagement—it would be almost as disgraceful as a divorce to end it now."

"If I had been his wife I would have left him," said Milly. "There are many things I would bear patiently; neglect, ill-treatment; but when one I have loved shows me that I have deceived myself, that his heart is not mine, there is no power strong enough to keep me near him—my love dies."

"There are other things to be thought of in marriage besides love," returned Mrs. Gresham.

"I know you believe so; I told you in the beginning, aunt, that I did not care for other considerations; you laughed at me and thought it a girlish folly—I meant it! If I marry a man, I must respect and love him. Since my engagement I have seen all these things more clearly; I don't love Walter Thorman—I don't respect him—I consider him false and despicable! I can't marry him—I will not."

"What am I to do? I can't give you another such winter—here's those stocks failed—after all, you are not my daughter. Oh, you crazy, mad girl!"

"I don't want to go into society, aunt; I will help you all I can. Send away the governess. I'll teach the children—I'll sew work in your kitchen—anything—anything!"

"Do be sensible, then, and look at matters in a common sense way," replied Mrs. Gresham, not yet desisting of bringing her niece to reason, or more seriously speaking, quite unable to cease urging her arguments, even after they were thoroughly exhausted. "Don't at all understand the affair yet; nobody could, I should think! Now just explain—"

"Have a little mercy, aunt! Can't you see how you hurt me?"

"It's very well to have such sensitive feelings," cried Mrs. Gresham, rage getting the upper hand again; "but they are better in a novel than real life. I'd rather see a girl show some docility and obedience, be a little more ready to rely on her friends' advice, than turn like a serpent to sting her own mother's sister."

Mrs. Gresham was slightly indulging in high tragedy too, but as her sprang only from angry, disappointed worldliness, it was rather ridiculous; while Milly's, however exaggerated it might be, had the dignity which real trouble gives to such expressions.

"I don't want to make you unhappy, aunt," she said; "I am very grateful to you for all your kindness, but don't reproach me for that which is no fault of mine."

"It is your fault, I tell you, Milly! For weeks past you have irritated Walter Thorman in every possible way—"

"He tortured me," broke in Milly, roused to passionate self-exculpation; "he stung and wronged me—he followed that woman about and left me—"

"Did you expect to keep him fastened to your chaste like a gold charm?" asked Mrs. Gresham sarcastically, interrupting in her turn, as women will when excited.

"I expected him to love me as he had promised," answered Milly resolutely; "I expected him to keep his vow in deed and thought—as well he actually false to me as to his mind to stray."

"You are insanely, absurdly jealous," said her aunt; "that is exactly what ails you."

"Not now," replied Milly bitterly; "we must love to be jealous. Walter Thorman killed my affection with one blow."

Mrs. Gresham fairly ground her teeth; I am sure she must have regretted not being a man—a little hoarse swearing would have been such a relief, and a sort of safeguard against breaking a blood vessel, which she really thought she must do.

"I don't believe," she almost screamed, "no, I don't believe that out of a mad-house so crazy a creature was ever seen! I thought you had common sense, and here you show yourself the most foolish fool that ever worried a woman's life out. I'd like to put a straight jacket on you and send you up to Bloomingdale. I would, indeed. I verily believe it would be the proper place for you."

"Send me if you like, aunt; I'll go there or anywhere you please."

"Now don't play the martyr!" groaned Mrs. Gresham. "For heaven's sake, don't add that to all the rest, unless you want to make me as crazy as you are yourself."

"Perhaps I had better go away," pursued Milly, catching at the idea with a feeling of relief; "it might be better for all of us."

"And where in the name of goodness, would you go?"

"I don't know—I tell you I don't care! I would teach—"

"In the name of pity, stop—I certainly shall go out of my senses! My niece a governess—a sewing girl; it would be a pretty story to tell, wouldn't it? Do you want to ruin us all utterly; have people call me the most horrible woman that ever lived, and see Maud's prospects completely destroyed?"

"Then what can I do, aunt? Only suggest anything that will keep me from being a burden to you, and I will obey."

"There is but one thing to be done—a bed could see it!" returned Mrs. Gresham, as energetically as if deciding upon young women's futures was the ordinary occupation of the mysterious race she mentioned.

"Tell me; only tell me!"

"Let me send for Walter Thorman, and get a frank, full explanation of this affair—"

"Never!" cried Milly. "Anything but that!"

"Of course—I knew you would say so! Anything, except the only thing that can be done."

"There is no explanation possible."

"That's just romantic nonsense; no less. Now, Milly Gresham, listen to me! You have got to live in the world, not in a novel; you have to do as other women do—put up with such troubles as they do. Nonsense is all very well, love is all very well, but they

are rank nonsense when carried too far—neither of them last anybody beyond twenty years. When a woman marries she should look at the future—she should see the world as it is, without them, all the love that a poet can dream of becoming the merest drug and dream that it is possible to imagine."

Milly was listening, grown so quiet that Mrs. Gresham began to think her words were having some effect.

"Go on," said Milly, when she paused for breath, speaking with a calmness that would have sounded ominous had her aunt been sufficiently composed to notice it.

"So I say, when a girl has found all these things, as you did, let her pay no attention to the gliding getting worn off her romance; let her trust to her woman's reason; let her take the benefit heaven offers, and not demand impossibilities."

She stopped, quite exhausted by her own eloquence, and Milly still looked full in her face and asked—

"You think I have no reason to feel hurt and outraged?"

"I don't say that; I'm approving to see one's lover devoted to another woman, but they will all do it! Talk quietly to him—I am sure Thorman did it to punish your caprice."

"No, aunt, I cannot blind myself! He knew this woman long ago—he loved her! He was pleased with my girlhood and engaged himself to me thoughtlessly—when this woman came back she assumed all her old power over him."

"I don't believe a word of it all."

"There was no logic in the assertion, but it was the best Mrs. Gresham could do under the circumstances—she felt that was the only ground for her to take now."

"Aunt, if there were no other reason, I would not marry him now that I know he thought me a child, loved me only as he might some pretty plaything."

"Time enough after you are married to show him that you are not," urged Mrs. Gresham.

"No; for I should only bring untold misery on myself. I could not be patient when I saw that he thought me incapable of sharing his life's feelings—his deepest secrets."

"I should weary him with my anger and my imperiousness, and every week would separate us more widely."

When, in the name of heaven, had the girl learned such arguments? Mrs. Gresham stared at her with something of the feeling a person might have if a pet bird that had been content with its lamp of sugar and its gilded cage, suddenly transformed itself into a mountain eagle, bounding against the bars of its prison, struggling fiercely with everything which opposed its flight, and betraying in every movement the unmasterable spirit of its race.

"I say," continued Milly, "that putting everything else aside, this view of the case would be enough to make me break my engagement."

Mrs. Gresham groaned again.

"Aunt, I have only been childish and thoughtless because I was happy; the deep feeling, the keen perceptions were all there. My love roused every faculty into life; my suffering gave me an experience that has left it out of my power to go back to my girlish carelessness."

Mrs. Gresham sat up in her chair, gurgled in her throat in a vain effort to speak, and stared helpless and aghast.

"I can remember my mother; I know what she suffered! People have told me I am very like her—now I understand her trouble. She married a man older than herself, who regarded her as a baby, could never be made to understand that as the years went on, her intellect widened to the fullness of his, who sought companionship among women of the world, crushed her by his unrecognition of her claims until she drooped and faded and dropped into her grave, glad to be at rest."

Mrs. Gresham was silent, a little awed and much softened; her love for that dead sister had been about the purest, the least selfish feeling of her whole life.

"I should not do that," Milly went on, her voice hardening and her face growing stern; "I should not allow myself to be crushed without a struggle! In time I should hate the man who out of his pride and self-conceit refused to see his equal in my soul! I should be capable of any act which might wound him to the heart and teach him that the creature he had petted and looked down upon was able to sting his very soul, and ruin the life in which he thought she made so small a part—a thing pleasant to have, like flowers or music, but like them to be put aside whenever it suited his lordly will."

Mrs. Gresham was still in a daze, but she must say something; her experience, her worldly wisdom, would not allow themselves to be completely silenced by this strange creature.

"You could say that to Walter Thorman," she began; but Milly shot her dart without a pause.

"I say it to him? If he could not see it, better to part! Since he loved a child it was not I he loved, for I am no longer. He wanted a plaything—let him look elsewhere to buy one with his gold—my soul is beyond his purchase."

"I tell you these feelings will pass out of his mind," urged her aunt; "he will love and respect you now."

"You forget the rest," replied Milly; "rather, you will not remember—but I don't forget! He has put a gulf between my heart and his that he can never cross."

"Your jealousy again."

"Call it what you please."

"Just follow to torment you."

"Think so if you will; you cannot persuade me! I saw them together—I heard his words! I will not go over all these things again—it would be of no use."

She began to tremble, and leaned wearily back in her seat; she had not tasted food that day, and after her long vigil and terrible excitement she was thoroughly exhausted—it showed more plainly from her recent passion and firmness.

"You are sick—you will kill yourself, Milly."

Milly shook her head.

"No, aunt; people don't die so easily! I used to think a great trouble would kill suddenly, but now I believe that it takes years."

She looked too pale and haggard, now that the color excitement had been driven into her face died out, to be considered a mad heroine.

Mrs. Gresham sat puzzled. Her brain as to what could possibly be said to her niece as to all likely to have any influence upon the girl; but she could not say over her old arguments, dressed up in a little different fashion, and they proved as ineffective as before.

At last, Milly cried out in a voice which fairly frightened her—

"Let me alone, aunt—let me alone, I say!"

There was no opportunity to yield or argue any more just then, for as she spoke, Milly turned quickly away—her cheeks bright and her proud struggle had been their work.

Mrs. Gresham was a sensible woman, so instead of insisting for help she worked over her mind until she recovered her senses—got her or the truth and did it all without alarming the household. She had a horror of some—she was absolutely vain! People who have a great amount of feeling to spare are given to think so—anything which troubles them out of their selfish comfort is too troublesome.

But with all her failings, she was kind and loving, as I have said; just these, her irritation and disappointment were forgotten in anxiety, and she did everything that could be done in the gentlest, most womanly way.

Milly turned her head upon the pillow and closed her eyes as if she were going to sleep—a more artifice to induce her aunt to leave her alone.

"You will feel better when you wake," Mrs. Gresham said, kissed her as women do kiss each other—touching the face to be honored with the tip of the nose—and went away.

Milly was fortunate enough to lie on her bed all the morning unmolested; her aunt nervously told Maud and the servants that she was ill with a nervous headache, and on no account to be disturbed. Maud, at least, was not likely to intrude upon her, under such circumstances—for she was as much out of her element in a sick room, as a useless creature could well be.

Mrs. Gresham took a little time to deliberate; and then she sat down and wrote a note to Walter Thorman.

"My dear friend—"

"Our little girl is quite ill—"

Then she stopped; she had a good deal of wearily thought about her, after all—she could not expect to see her sympathy by suspecting Milly's feelings. She reflected a little longer—and after much trouble and many crosses, wrote and dispatched the following:—

"Dear Mr. Thorman—"

"I wish you would come and see me as soon as you receive this. You and I are old friends, and can afford to talk openly with one another; and I am sure you find that in anything I might say, I should have your good and that of our faithful little Milly very closely at heart."

"So come and talk with me, and let this light cloud be swept away by our mutual endeavor, before it grows darker; come with your usual frankness and kindness, and be certain you will find me as ever."

"Your very sincere friend,"

"ELIZA GRESHAM."

Mrs. Gresham felt a sense of relief when her message was gone; at least she had done something—that is always a comfort when one has been at a loss what to do. Thorman would obey her summons at once, she felt certain; and the more she reflected, the more confident she became that it would all end well. Her spirits lightened, her distress and irritation passed away. Several times she stole up to Milly's room on tip-toe and looked in; the girl's face was buried in her pillow—she seemed to be sleeping quietly; and with each visit, Mrs. Gresham felt her hopes arise. But it was almost night when, as she was descending from one of these expeditions, she met Oscar with a letter in his hand.

"For you, madam," he said, with one of his grand bows; "the individual did not wait for no answer."

Mrs. Gresham glanced at the superscription—it was in Thorman's hand; and she went into the little reception room to read it.

"It will all be settled now," she thought, as she tore open the envelope; "I am very glad I wrote."

She unfolded the sheet—glanced at the date—gave one start and an exclamation of mingled wrath and dismay, and hurriedly read the page.

This was Walter Thorman's answer:—

"Dear Madam—"

"Your note has just been brought to me; the date above will explain my hurried reply."

"I am starting for Europe. I leave the task of explanation with your niece, who last night brought our engagement so decidedly to an end, that my own self-respect renders it impossible for me to employ any means—if any were in my power—to change her determination."

"I wish you and yours every happiness—and trust that the years which will probably elapse before my return, may not wear from your mind all recollection of"

"WALTER THORMAN."

Mrs. Gresham read the note twice, as if she found it difficult to understand the contents; crushed it in her hands as dramatically as a heroine could have done; and between her rage and disappointment, came near fainting herself.

"Gone to Europe!" was all she could utter, in a voice that would have done justice to Queen Constance's famous speech; for the first time, conscious of her own helplessness; he had placed it beyond her power to do anything now. "Gone to Europe! Two mad people together—and I to bear the consequences of their folly!"

Yes, Walter Thorman had gone; in his anger with Milly, his sorrow at having lost his beautiful hope of peace, his bitterness toward himself and fate, he had gone.

CHAPTER XII.

Leonie Dormer went home from the ball so mortally stricken by the cruel blow which Milly had dealt her, that could the girl have seen her she might have been ready to acknowledge that there was a phase of agony more terrible than her own.

Fortunately Mrs. Fanshawe had been kept a prisoner in her room by a cold, so that Leonie could escape all prying eyes after she once found herself seated in the carriage. Not even the blessed insensibility which made poor Milly, for a time, oblivious of her sorrow, awaited this woman as she sat in her chamber keeping her lonely vigil.

Her maid had not been made to pass three-quarters of the night without sleep, in order to serve her mistress on her return; but her equals, Mrs. Dormer was never guilty of the inhuman treatment of being either excited or harsh with those beneath her. So to-night she repaid the reward of her forbearance—there was no one to trouble her.

We talk about people under some sudden fright or pain looking like ghosts; the face that Leonie Dormer lifted in the dim light, was stranger than that—it was the face of a dead woman. There was no life save in the eyes—yet over the heavy eyelids that looked in either pupil, there was a gleam that was like death; it seemed as if she had died in such anguish, that the sleep pain could not drive out all its memory.

Very moments of her dream—of those of the jewels that were about her neck and ears, seemed on with her appearance, that the night was fairly midnight.

"I have sat all face to face with the crisis to which she had tried for months to close her eyes; there was no escape from it now. Her partner had begged her until she could try neither flight nor evasion longer; she was like a hunted animal driven to bay in desperation by some brute whose strength and ferocity made her desperation too puny to be noticed. She went back over her life as she sat there—her wasted, thwarted, ruined life, and there rose in her mind the impious thoughts that will assail us in moments of great suffering—God had been more cruel to her than He was to others."

"I know how wicked that is," she mused, "but I can't help it—there seems a sort of dreadful satisfaction in it! Here I am musing to myself like a Bedlamite—I thought I had learned better than that—but what difference would it make if the whole world could hear me—they'll know soon enough now."

She struck her clenched hand on her forehead with a cry of ineffable pain.

"To be stoned at—stoned at—I could bear anything better than that! The world—what is the world to me? I am lying to myself all the while—it is Mark Lesley I care for—I love him—oh, my God, I love him!"

For the first time in all that long night the horrible comparison in which she had so often broken by a burst of bitter weeping, she fell on her knees, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbed in a pitiful fashion that shook her whole frame from a storm.

Her next day Leonie Dormer at least gave herself the relief of solitude, and in order to avoid questions from Mrs. Fanshawe at once declared herself ill with nervousness—and Mrs. Fanshawe was prepared not to wonder as her wish to be alone.

Mark Lesley called at the house in the course of the morning, but naturally under the circumstances found no exception in his favor of the sweeping order which excluded all visitors. He did not in the least believe that Mrs. Dormer was in bed and ill, so he went away angry with himself for having called, and mentally vowing that he would not again visit the house until the next day would not pass without seeing him fully forth on the same errand.

Later that evening he was sitting in his solitary bachelor lodgings—wonderfully luxurious and comfortable though—smoking many pipes and thinking all sorts of dreary things, when an acquaintance who had a suite of rooms above, tapped at his door. Naturally Lesley wished him at Amsterdam for bothering him, but he gave him a pipe and decent civility, and presently heard something in regard to foolish young Charley Wyld that made him energetically put on the boots he had discarded, and prepare to go out.

A belated hackman chanced to be resting his horses for an instant before the door as Lesley descended the steps, and he sprang into the carriage, giving a hasty direction and an order to make good speed. After a drive of perhaps twenty minutes they stopped in front of a stately house, as carefully darkened as if the inmates were buried in the most orderly slumber, and bidding the man wait, Lesley ran up the steps and giving one pull to the bell, a brief whisper to the servant who instantly appeared at the door, was admitted at once.

It was a famous gambling-house to which he had come in search of poor Charley. The boy's mother was an old friend of Lesley's family, and for her sake he had always tried to be of a little use to Charley, but since Wyld had lost his hopes of winning Milly, he had taken to the youthful expedient of dissipation more than was good, and Lesley found his task rather a trouble, though he pursued it with a persistence and kindness of which few people would have believed him capable.

He found Charley—not at the faro-table—playing some more dangerous game still in a private room—heated with wine, reckless with his boyish sorrows, and it needed all Lesley's policy and forbearance to get him away without a scene.

"Be a sensible old chap," Lesley whispered to him, when Charley seemed inclined to yield to the expostulations and snarls of his companions and remain. "You don't care what these fellows think—show them that you come or go without any reference to their opinions."

"I will," muttered Charley, drawing himself up and attempting to look dignified; "I'll not make a maff of myself to please them."

He followed Lesley out of the room, but as he wished to stop a moment in one of the lower rooms to speak to a friend as silly and boyish as himself who had accompanied him to the house, Lesley stood in the upper hall waiting.

A man who had been seated by the fire at a little distance from the card-table, and had narrowly watched Lesley while he remained in the room, came out as Mark stood leaning over the banisters and said coolly—

"What a Samaritan you have shown yourself to-night, Mr. Lesley—one would hardly have expected it from your reputation."

Mark looked up in surprise and anger at the rude familiarity of the address. He could not remember ever to have seen the man, though it was a face to be remembered with the pallid complexion lit up by restless black eyes and a false, sneering expression that made him resemble a handsome Hephæstus.

"I believe I have not the honor of your acquaintance," Lesley said with irritating composure. "So I think my conduct cannot in any way concern you."

"Perhaps it does more than you think," returned the other.

"Look here," exclaimed Mark, turning on him angrily, "I don't intend to have my pocket picked in this den either at cards or in any other way, so be off about your business at once."

The stranger laughed a little.

"That is somewhat rude," said he; "I think you ought to learn to control your temper."

"I think," returned Mark, "that I ought to knock you down, and I fancy I shall try it, unless you leave me alone."

"Very unwise that would be," replied the other; "we should be obliged to the police would get in and you would meet all the widows of your acquaintance by making a paragraph in the morning paper—as I am a stranger here it would be of less importance to me."

Mark's first impulse was to carry his threat into execution, but he could not help recalling the circumstances pointed out which he would be placed by a quarrel of that kind and in such a place, and held fast to his tongue.

"I believe I have a signet-ring," said the young man, drawing a ring from his breast pocket as he spoke. "I can recommend them—brought them from Cuba myself."

As he extended the case toward Lesley with as much politeness as if they had been on familiar terms, the light struck full upon a ring that he wore on his little finger, and Lesley stared at it with new wonder and rage—it was the emerald which he had so often seen Leonie Dormer wear.

He made a step forward as if he would have seized the man by the throat—the other stood perfectly unmoved, still holding out the case. Lesley caught him by the wrist and snatched it.

"Where did you get that ring?"

"Oh, the ring? Did you think you had seen it before?" returned he carelessly. "Some time you may know, but it doesn't suit me to tell you to-night."

Lesley threw himself forward upon the man with a mad idea of wresting the jewel from him, but the stranger eluded his grasp and pushed him, though not violently, against the wall.

"Give me that ring," exclaimed Lesley, "or I will have you arrested as a thief."

The young man laughed aloud again. "That would be rich," said he, "and you shall hear me tell in a police court where I got it—a good idea."

At that instant Charley Wyld called to Lesley from below. Mark was making ready for another struggle, but the stranger's words made him remain motionless, with a sudden inexplicable dread for Leonie's sake.

"Your friend is calling you," said the man, still in the same careless voice. "Look here, Mark Lesley, my time hasn't come for quarrelling with you—maybe I'll ask bank of your wish long though—I've a revenge to take, and if it hurts you, too, that's not my affair."

Before Lesley could recover himself he had passed him, ascended an upper flight of stairs quickly and disappeared. Mark turned to follow him, but a thought made him pause; it was not prudence on his own account—it seemed as if Leonie Dormer's pale face rose before his eyes and begged him to pause for her sake.

Maddened with this new blow—this added proof of the strange mystery that hung about the woman whom he loved with all the intensity of his passionate nature, Lesley hurried down, joined Charley Wyld in the entrance hall and darted out of the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$3.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$4.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$4.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Club subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 80 subscribers at \$3.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$3.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The list may be made up conjoint

OUR PATTERNS.

A weaver sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he traced the shuttle in his hand
Weirdly forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the wool,
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his loom,
Nor the wife beneath its roof;

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as the sadly said:
"Ah! woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked, and saw
His work was undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors
Dimmed.

Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack! alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right,
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!"

Ah! said it was for the weaver,
And for his foolish wife;
And as it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task of life:

"The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we were the blame wrong, and stained
The wool with bitter tears.

"We were a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope, and love—
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above!"—*Philo Cory.*

Hot Summers.

Appleton's Journal gives the following account of remarkably hot summers:

In 1183 the earth cracked by reason of the heat, the wells and streams in Alsace all dried up, and in 1185 the heat was so great that sand was driven to the sun's rays, was hot enough to cook eggs. In 1160 great numbers of soldiers in the campaign against Bala died from the heat. In 1776 and 1777 crops of hay and oats failed completely. In 1806 and 1804 a man could have crossed, dry-shod, over the rivers Seine, Loire, Rhine, and Danube. In 1808 and 1804 a multitude of animals perished by the heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up. In 1440 the heat was extraordinary. In 1536, 1539, 1540, and 1541 all the rivers were nearly dried up. In 1536 there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe. In 1615 and 1616 there was, in Italy, France, and the Netherlands, an overpowering heat. In 1648 there were fifty-eight consecutive days of extreme heat. 1676 was very hot, as were the first three years of the eighteenth century.

In 1718 it did not rain from April until October. The growing grain was burned, the rivers dried up, the towns (but wherever is not stated) were closed by command of the police. The thermometer showed thirty-six degrees Reaumur, equal to one hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice. In 1723 and 1724 there was great heat. The summer of 1746 was hot and dry, the growing grain being scorched. It did not rain for months. 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1776, and 1789 were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comet year—1811—the summer was warm, and the wine produced that year was very precious. In 1818 the theatres had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being thirty-five Reaumur, or one hundred and twelve Fahrenheit. During the three days of the Revolution of July in 1830, the thermometer stood at thirty-six degrees Centigrade, about ninety-seven Fahrenheit. In 1838, during the spring of the 5th and 6th of July, the temperature was about the same.

Books and Readings.

The best rule of reading will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper for him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. As whole nations have derived their culture from a single book—as the Bible has been the literature of Europe—as Hæra was the eminent genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, Confucius of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a grander, if all the second-rate writers were laid—say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon—through the profound study so drawn to these wonderful minds. With this pilot of his own genius, let the student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously. Dr. Johnson said: "Whilst you stand deliberating which book you shall read first, another boy has read both. Read anything five hours a day, and you will soon be learned."

Food Medicines.

Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient rose with a wonderful sense of rest, refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed and cooled by the lemonade and the fast. His theory is that food will be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. For example, he instances cases of spitting blood by the use of salt; epilepsy and yellow fever, watermelons; kidney affections, celery; gonorrhea, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, powdered cranberries applied to the parts affected; hydrophobia, &c. So the thing to do, in order to keep in good health, is really to know what to eat, and not what medicine to take.

At the recent centennial celebration of Rutland, Vt., many curious relics were exhibited. Among them was "a letter written by our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, found under a great stone sixty-five years after His crucifixion, and reprinted in London in 1791."

Judge Bailey, of Demopolis, Ala., was not affected by the news of the death of Gen. Lee, that he died instantly while sitting in his chair.

The Growth of Character.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

The mind's action is like that of an engine who works under steam. He goes down in a diving-bell, and is hidden. The work done is not their share water at all. It is there, but it is deep-seated and concealed. And the eternal foundations of the mind's character are laid far down and strong, the work being so out of sight that men do not see it nor suspect it.

So it is that men are being destroyed by faults of which they have no conception. For faults, many of them, are just like mines with which men blow up bastions and towers of fortifications. After off, they by whom the work is done break ground, and hidden and unseen they dig till they have carried the mine under the foundation. And the compass of the place know not what is going on till the last moment, when the tower leaps into the air, as if it were filled with life, and that which before was a strong defense is a heap of ruins. I know men who have a mine laid right under the certain wall, which only awaits the day and the hour when it shall be fired. I know men who continually walk over mines concealed enough to hold forty legions of men, but who do not know that it is under them. I know men that have mines dug under the very part of their life by which they are to destroy them. But they work under ground, and they will not notice them, and nobody will tell them of their danger, and they will perish. But though they do not know about these things, God knows about them, and the devil knows about them.

It is true that some of these faults, such as envy, conceit, and such, are such as break out by reason of their strength into visible conduct, excite attention; but not one in twenty of all these mental operations which are inwardly working to form that eternal character which shall carry reward or punishment, joy or woe, excites men's attention, or ever comes to their remembrance. It is a terrible thing to have this engineering going on in a man, and he know nothing about it, and take no account of it.

These men are inevitably filling up the mold and frame of their character in entire ignorance. Their passions, and thoughts, and fancies are like so many clerks. Suppose a man should neglect his business, and gave unlimited power to his clerks, and they, in his counting-room, should go on signing papers, filling up checks, running him in debt, tying up his affairs, and he should know nothing about it? You have not less than forty clerks; and there is not a day in which one or another of them does not use you and ask that carry judgment in God's day of reckoning. They are writing what they please. Many of them are confidential clerks. One is Pride; another is Vanity; another is Lust of Power; another is Greed of Gain; and another is Self-indulgence. If they go on unrestrained, those clerks will break you, as sure as there is a God in Heaven. Many a clerk has broken his employer. You do not know your own condition. Your eternal affairs are becoming involved, your spiritual interests are being jeopardized, and you know nothing about it. All is done silently and secretly.

To all ailments and conditions, here is a truth of the greatest practical importance—the certainty of a formative process that is going on within you; the relation of that which is formed to your eternal destiny; and your need of a revelation to yourself of what you are.—*Harold of Health.*

Test of Character.

A great many admirable notes are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fall asleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, serving all with a refreshing cup of tea or coffee before she sits it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own.

Do you hear her complaints—the weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but every morning, perhaps, in the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh, how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah! it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these little self-denials, borne with such self-forgetfulness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

Poisonous Effects of Orange Peel.

Many years ago, says Dr. Gibbons, two little girls, sisters, four and six years of age, were seized with violent inflammation of the bowels from swallowing the rind of the orange. One of them died in convulsions, and the other had a narrow escape. Quite recently, a child something over a year old was attacked with violent dysenteric symptoms, for which no cause could be assigned. The attack came on during the passage of the family on the steamer from San Diego. The symptoms were identical with those which had previously been noticed to arise from poisoning by orange peel; and on inquiry, we were informed that it had been playing with an orange and nibbling at it just before the attack of disease. The discharges from the bowels were frequent and painful, and consisted of blood and mucus. After a week of severe enteric inflammation, the child died. We have no doubt that the disease was brought on by the rind of the orange. Though but a small quantity must have been swallowed, yet a very small quantity of such an indigestible and irritating substance will often produce the most serious consequences. The oil of the rind is highly acrid, and adds greatly to the noxious quality of the indigestible mass. We learn that it is a common practice among children at some of our public schools to eat the rind, and that juvenile merchants have been known to trade off the inside of the fruit for the skin.

Calvin Chamberlain, a venerable citizen of Maine, has original views on the labor question. He recently dug seventy bushels of potatoes with his own hands, in eight hours, one day last week. He thinks a man at sixty ought not to work more than eight hours, nor dig more than seventy bushels of potatoes in a day.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angel's eyes:
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrong from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted humbly, with doubt and fear,
To lonely crowds who scarcely pause to hear,
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole,
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladden all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which set the Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for other's good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love, that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woolly ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, oh, Lord, for in Thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past in clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYONS," "GRANGE CANTERBURY," &c.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XLV.

ARTHUR BOHUN'S TEARS.

A well-spread dinner table of glass, and china, and plate, glittering under the rays of the handsome chandelier in the dining-room of Sir Nash Bohun's town house, Sir Nash and his nephew Arthur are seated at it, one guest between them. It is General Strachan; an old officer, Scotch by birth, who has just come home after passing the best part of his life in India.

The winter was departing. Arthur Bohun looked better—Sir Nash justly well. In a month or two both intended to depart for the German Springs, that were to renovate Sir Nash's life.

General Strachan had been very intimate with Sir Nash Bohun in early life, before he went out at all to India. After he went out he had been equally intimate with Major Bohun; but he was only Captain Strachan then.

"And so you think Arthur like his father?" observed Sir Nash, as he passed the claret.

"The very image of him," replied the general. "I'm sure I should have known him for Tom Bohun's son had I met him accidentally in the street. Careless saw the likeness, too."

"What said that?" carelessly asked Sir Nash.

"William Adair. You saw me with him at the club door this morning. We were going in this morning as you came up."

Perhaps Sir Nash was a little struck with the name. He called to mind a good-looking, slender, gentlemanly man, who had been arm-in-arm with the general at the time mentioned.

"But what said he, Strachan?"

"What said? Why, the one who was in India when—when poor Tom died. He was Tom's greatest friend. Perhaps you have never heard of him?"

"Yes I have, of my sorrow," said Sir Nash. "It was he who caused poor Tom's death."

General Strachan apparently did not understand.

"Who caused poor Tom's death?"

"Adair."

"Why bless me, where could you have picked that?" cried the general, in surprise. "If Adair could have saved Tom's life at any sacrifice to himself, he'd have done it. They were close, firm friends to the last."

Sir Nash seemed to be listening as though he heard not.

"Of course we did not get at the particulars of my brother's death over here as we should have done had we been on the spot," he remarked. "We were glad, rather, to hush it up for the sake of Arthur. Poor Tom got into some trouble, some disgrace—and Adair led him into it. That's what we have always heard."

"Then you heard wrong, Bohun," said the general, rather bluntly. "Tom got into debt, and I don't know what all—but it was not Adair that led him into it. Who could have told you it was?"

"Mrs. Bohun—Tom's widow."

"Oh, she," returned the general, in an accent of contempt that spoke volumes. "Why she—but never mind now," he broke off, suddenly glancing at Arthur, as he remembered that she was his mother. "Let bygones be bygones, Bohun," he added, sipping his claret; "no good to recall them. Only don't continue to believe against William Adair. He is one of the best men living, and always has been."

Arthur Bohun, who had sat still as a stone, leaned his pale face a little towards the general, and spoke.

"Did not this Mr. Adair, after my father's death, get into disgrace, and—and undergo its punishment?"

"Never. Adair got into no disgrace."

"Has he been a convict?" continued Arthur, in a low, clear tone.

"A what?" cried the general, putting down his glass, and staring at Arthur in amazement. "My good young fellow, you cannot know of whom you are speaking. William Adair has been a respected man all his life; he is just as honorable as your father was; and the world knew pretty well what poor Tom's fastidious notions on the point of honor were. Adair is a gentleman amidst gentlemen; I can't say better of him than that though I talked for an hour. He is come into all the family honors and fortune, which he never expected. A good old Scotch family it is, too; better than mine. There, we'll drop the subject now; no good to rum up things that are past and done with."

Sir Nash asked no more; neither did Arthur. Some instant lay within both of them, that, for their own sakes, it might be better not.

But when the general left—which he did very soon, having an evening engagement—Arthur went out with him. Arthur Bohun knew, as well as though he had been told, that his wicked mother—he could but think of her so in that moment—had dealt treacherously with him; to answer some end of her own, she had calumniated Mr. Adair. Cost him what pain and shame it might, he would clear it up now.

"Will you give me the particulars; that which you would not give my uncle?" began Arthur, in agitation, the moment they were out of the house, as he placed his hand on the general's arm. "No matter what they are, I must know them."

"I'd give them to your uncle and welcome," said the plain old soldier. "It was to you I'd give them."

"But I must learn them."

"Not from me."

"If you will not tell, I shall apply to William Adair."

"William Adair can give them you if he pleases. I shall not. Take advice, my dear young fellow, and don't inquire."

"I will tell you what I suspect—that if any one had a hand in driving my father to—so to what he did do, it was his wife; my mother. You may tell me now."

"No. Because she is your mother."

"But I have the most urgent reason for wishing to know the particulars."

"Well, Arthur Bohun, I'd rather not tell you, and that's the truth. If poor Tom could hear me in his grave, I don't think he'd like it, you see. No, I can't. Ask Adair first of all, whether he'd advise it, or not."

"Where is he staying?"

"Greenway Place. He and his daughter are in a furnished house there. She is very delicate."

"And—you say—I beg your pardon, General," added Arthur in agitation, desisting him as he was going away—"you say that he is an untalented gentleman?"

"Who? Adair? As untalented as you or I, my young friend. Good-night."

In his mind's miserable turmoil, any delay seemed dreadful, and Arthur Bohun turned at once to the house in Greenway Place. He asked if he could see Mr. Adair.

The servant hesitated. "There is no Mr. Adair here, sir," he said.

Arthur looked up at the number. "Are you sure?" he asked of the man. "I was informed by General Strachan that Mr. Adair had taken this house, and was living here."

"The General must have said Sir William, sir. Sir William Adair lives here."

"Oh—Sir William," spoke Arthur. "I—I was not aware Mr. Adair had been knighted."

"Knighted, sir! My master has not been knighted, sir," cried the man, as if he were indignant at the charge. "Sir William has succeeded to the honor through the death of his uncle, Sir Archibald."

What with one thing and another, Arthur's head seemed to be in a whirl. Sir Archibald Adair had been well known to him by reputation; a proud old Scotch baronet, of a proud old lineage. And so this was Ellen's family! And he had been deeming her not fit to mate with him, a Bohun.

"Can I see Sir William? Is he at home?"

"He is at home, sir. I think you can see him."

In the dining-room of the house sat Sir William Adair when Arthur was shown in. His after-dinner coffee on a stand by his side, a newspaper in his hand. He was a slight man, rather more than middle height, with an attractive countenance. The features were good, their expression was noble and pleasing. It was impossible to associate such a face and bearing with anything like dishonor.

"I believe my name is not altogether strange to you, sir," said Arthur as the servant closed the door. "I hope you will pardon my intrusion—and especially that it should be at this hour."

Sir William had risen to receive him. He could not mark the agitation with which the words were spoken. A moment's vacillation, and then he took Arthur's hand and clasped it within his own.

"If I wished to be cold to you I could not," he said warmly. "Far to me, you seem to be your father come to life again. He and I were friends."

"And did you wish to be cold to me?" asked Arthur.

"I have felt cold to you this many a year. Worse than that."

"But why, Sir William?"

"Ah—why, I cannot tell you. For one thing, I have pictured you resembling another, more than him."

"You mean my mother."

Sir William looked at Captain Bohun before he replied.

"Yes, I do. Will you take a seat; and some coffee?"

Arthur sat down, but it may be questioned whether he as much as heard that coffee was mentioned. Sir William rang the bell and ordered a cup of it brought in. Arthur leaned forward to speak; his blue eyes solemnly earnest, his hand a little outstretched. Sir William almost started.

"How strangely like him you are!" he exclaimed. "The look, the gesture, the voice, all are your father's over again. I could fancy that you were Thomas Bohun—as I last saw him in life."

"You knew him well—and my mother?"

"You knew all about them?"

"Quite well. I knew you, too, when you were a little child."

"Tell me one thing, then," said Arthur, his emotion increasing. "Was she my mother?"

The question surprised Sir William Adair.

"She was certainly your mother, and your father's wife. Why do you ask it?"

"Because—she has so noted—that I—that I—have many a time wished she was not. I have almost hoped it. I wish I could hope it now."

"Ah," said Sir William. It was all he said.

"Did you care much for my father, Sir William?"

"More than I ever cared for any other man. I have never cared for one since as I cared for him. We were young fellows then, he and I; not much older than you are now, but ours was a true friendship."

"Then I conjure you, by that friendship, to disclose to me the whole history of the past: the circumstances attending my fa-

ther's shocking death, and its cause. Speak of things as though my mother were no blood relative of me. I wish to know she never had been."

"I think you must know somewhat of the circumstances," spoke Sir William. "How why should you say this?"

"It is because I knew part that I must know the whole. My mother has—has—told me," he concluded, bringing out the word with a painful effort. "She has favored a false story upon me, and—I cannot rest."

"Arthur Bohun, although you conjure me by your late father, and for his sake I would do a great deal, I fear that I ought not to do this."

"General Strachan bids me come to you. I begged of him to tell me, but he said no. Does he know all?" broke off Arthur.

"Every little. I think he and I, and your mother are nearly the only three left who do know it. There were but some half-dozen of us altogether."

"And do you not think that I, Major Bohun's only son, should at least be made acquainted with as much as others know? Tell me, Sir William, for my late father's sake!"

"The only difficulty is—that you must bear all of your mother."

"I cannot bear worse of her than I know," indignantly returned Arthur. "Fudge! it was not as bad as I am imagining that it may have been."

But Sir William held back. The coffee came in and Arthur drank it at a gulp, scolding hot, and sent the cup away again. He seemed on the brink of a fever in his impatience. And whether it was that, or to clear the memory of Major Bohun, or that he deemed it a righteous thing to satisfy Major Bohun's son, or that he yielded to over-persuasion, Sir William Adair spoke.

They sat nearly together, the small coffee table between them. Whether the room was light or whether the room was dark, neither remembered. It was a miserable little they were absorbed in; one that need not be very much elaborated here.

"William Adair, when a young man, generally with his family, or young with him, and an other acquaintance, but not with his mother and mother was dead, but his uncle, Sir Archibald, and other relatives, were left. He, the young man, went to the Madras Presidency, appointed to some post there in the civil service. His family made a habit of discounting him; he, in return, was a bitter enemy and resented against them that had it been well possible, he would have abandoned the very name—Adair. Never a word did he breathe to any one of who or what his family was; his Scotch accent betrayed his country, but people knew no more. That he was a gentleman, and in a gentleman's position, was apparent, and that was all-sufficient."

"A strong friendship existed between him and Major Bohun. During one hot season it happened that they both went up in coach to health to the Blue Mountains, as ladies call the beautiful region of the Newburgh Hills. Mrs. Bohun accompanied her husband; Mr. Adair was not married. There they made the acquaintance of the Reverend George Cumberland, who was stationed at Ootacamund with his wife. Ootacamund was at that time filled, and a great deal of gaiety (a great deal considering what the place was) was going on; Mrs. Bohun was noted for it. There was some gambling nightly; and no votary joined in it more persistently than the Major. Bohun removed with her to a little place at a short distance, and a few others went also; the chaplain, George Cumberland was one."

"There came a frightful day for Major Bohun. Certain claims suddenly swamped down upon him; delay, preliminary action, bearing signatures in connection with William Adair's. Neither of them, what it could mean, for they had given nothing of the kind. A momentary thought arose to Major Bohun—that his wife was implicated; but only so far as that she might have joined in this high play, nothing worse. He had become aware that she had a passion for gambling, and the discovery had frightened him; in fact it was to warn her from undesirable associates and pursuits that he had come away on this holiday; the ostensible plea, health, was not the true one. But this was not known even to his best friend William Adair. Let me investigate this, let me deal with it," said the major to Mr. Adair. But Mr. Adair not choosing to let a man forge his name with impunity—and he had no suspicion it was a woman—did not heed the injunction, but addressed himself to the investigation. And a slow sort of inquiry he found. He traced the affair home to one Rabbetson—but that was in all probability an assumed name—a man had in every way, who was no better than a black-leg, who had wormed himself into society to prey upon it, and upon men and women's failings. This man Mr. Adair confronted with Major Bohun; and then—and then—the fellow, brought to bay, braved it out by disclosing who his helpmate was—Mrs. Bohun.

"It was even so. Mr. Adair sat aghast at the revelation. Had he suspected this, he would have kept it to himself. How far she had connected herself with this man, it was best not to inquire; and they never did inquire, and never knew. One thing was certain—the man could afford to take a high ground. He went out from the interview bidding them do their worst—which with him would not be much, he affirmed; for it was not he who had issued the false bills, but the major's wife. And they saw he spoke the truth."

Arthur Bohun listened to this now, sitting still as a statue.

"I never saw any man so overcome as Bohun," continued Sir William Adair. "He took it to heart; to heart! And she is the mother of my child!" he said to me; and then he gave way, and held my hands in his, and sobbed upon my shoulders. 'We will hush it up; we will take up the bills and the other obligations,' I said to him, though in truth I did not see how I should do my part in it, for I was a poor man; he was poor also; his expenses and his wife kept him so. 'It cannot be hushed up, Adair,' he answered; 'it has gone too far.' Those were the last words he ever said to me; it was the last time I saw him alive."

"Go on," said Arthur, without lifting his head.

"Mrs. Bohun came into the room and I quitted it. I saw by her face that she knew what had happened; it was full of evil as she turned it on me. Rabbetson had met her when he was going out, and whispered some words in her ear. What passed between her and Major Bohun I never knew. Before I had been five minutes in my room she stood before me; she had followed me down. Of all the vituperation that a woman's tongue can utter, hers lavished about

the worst on me. It was I who had brought on the crisis, she said; it was I who had taken Rabbetson to her husband. I quietly told her that when I took Rabbetson to Major Bohun, I had not the remotest idea that she was mixed up in the affair in any way; and that if I had known it, I never should have taken him, but have striven to deal with it myself, and keep it dark for my friend Rabbetson's sake. She would hear nothing; she was like a mad woman; she cursed me; she swore that not a word of it was true; that Rabbetson did not say it, could not have said it, but that I and Major Bohun had concocted the tale between us. In short, I think she was, for the time being, mad.

"Hear me, Sir William," interrupted Arthur. "I don't think my father's family ever did know."

"Neither did I ever know—to a certainty. A cousin, or sister, or some relative of hers had married a doctor in practice at Madras, and she was out there on a visit to them. Captain Bohun—as he was then—caught by her face and figure, both fine in those days, fell in love with her and married her. He found afterwards that her father kept a hotel somewhere in England."

"So! This was the high-born lady who had set up for being above all Dallery. But for the utmost self-control Arthur Bohun would have groaned outright."

"Go on, please," was all he said. "Get it finished."

"There is not much more," returned Sir William. "I went looking about for Bohun everywhere that afternoon, and could not find him. Just before sundown he was found—found as I dare say you have heard. The spot was retired and shady, and his pistol lay beside him. He had not suffered death must have been instantaneous."

"The report here was that he died of sunstroke," said Arthur, breaking a long pause. "No doubt. Mrs. Bohun caused it to be so reported. The real facts transpired but to few: Cumberland, Captain Strachan, myself, and two or three others."

"Did Mrs. Cumberland know of them?" suddenly asked Arthur, a thought striking him.

"I dare say not. I don't suppose her husband would disclose to her the shameful tale. She was not on the spot at the time; had gone to nurse some friend who was sick. I respected them both highly. We made a kind of compact among ourselves, we men, not to speak of this story ever, unless it should be to defend Bohun, or for some other good purpose. We wished to give Mrs. Bohun a chance to redeem her soul and do down in her own land, for which she at once asked. Arthur, if I have had to say this to you, it is to vindicate your dead father. I believe that your mother has dreamed me ever since."

"Dreaded him! Ay! and foully aspersed him in her insane dream. Arthur thought of the wicked invention she had raised, and passed his hands upon his face as if he could shut out the remembrance."

"What became of Rabbetson?" he asked, in a low tone.

"He disappeared. I think, also, I should rarely have shot him in his turn, or kicked him to death. I saw him afterwards in Australia dying in the most abject misery."

"And the claims?—the bills?"

"I took them upon myself; and contrived to pay—with time."

"You left India for Australia?" continued Arthur, after a pause.

"My health failed, and I petitioned our government to remove me to a different climate. They complied, and sent me to Australia. I stayed there, trying to accumulate a competency that should enable me to live at home with Ellen as befitted my family; little supposing that I was destined to become its head. My two cousins, Sir Archibald's sons, have died one after the other."

Arthur Bohun had heard all he wished, perhaps all there was to tell. If—if he could make his peace with Ellen, the old relations between them might yet be renewed. But while his heart bounded with the hope, the red shame crimsoned his brow as he thought of the past. Glancing at the time-piece on the mantle-shelf, he saw it was only half past nine; not too late.

"May I see your daughter, sir?" he asked in a low tone. "We used to be good friends."

"So I suppose," replied Sir William. "You made love to her, Mr. Arthur Bohun. You would have married her, I believe, but that I stopped it."

"You—stopped it!" exclaimed Arthur, quite at sea; for he had not known of the letter received by Ellen.

"I wrote to Ellen telling her I must forbid her to marry you. I feared at the time of writing that the interdict might not arrive in time. But it seems it did."

"Yes," abstractedly returned Arthur, letting pass what he did not understand.

"You see, I had been thinking of you always as belonging to her—your mother—more than to him. That mistake is over. I shall value you now as his son; more I dare say than I shall ever value any other young man in this world."

Arthur's breath came fast and thick. "Then—you will give her to me, sir?" Sir William shook his head in sadness. Arthur understood the meaning.

"The probability is, sir, that I shall be Sir Arthur Bohun; that I shall succeed my uncle in the baronetcy. Would it not satisfy you?"

"You can see her if you will," was Sir William's answer, but there was the same kind of denial in his manner. "I would not say no now for your father's sake. She is in the drawing-room. Up-stairs, front room. I will join you as soon as I have written a note."

Arthur found his way to it by instinct. Ellen was lying back in an easy chair; the brilliant light of the chandelier shining on her face. Opening the door softly, it—her face—was the first object that struck his sight. And he started back from it in a kind of amazed terror.

"Was it death that he saw written there? All too surely the conviction came home to him."

Oh! but it was a more momentous interview than the one just over. Explaining he knew not how, explaining he knew not what, he told her his love had never left her, Arthur Bohun knelt at her feet, and they mingled their sobs together. For some minutes neither could understand the other; but consolation came at last. Arthur told her that the wicked tale, the frightful treachery which had parted them was but a concocted fable on his mother's part, and then he found that Ellen had never known anything about the tale.

"What then did you think was the matter with me?" he asked.

And she told him. She told him without

reserve, now that she found how untrue it was. She thought he had given her up for another; Madam had informed her he was about to marry Miss Dallery.

He took in the full force of what the words implied: of the very object light in which his conduct must have appeared to her. Going to marry Mary Dallery! A gross insult from him: he covered his face to hide his shame and trouble.

"Ellen! Ellen! You could not have thought it of me?"

"It was what I did think. How was I to think anything else? Your mother said it."

"Lord forgive her her sin!" he wailed, in his despair. Ellen hid her face.

"It was enough to kill you, Ellen. No wonder you look like this."

She was panting a little. Her breath seemed very short.

"Pray heaven I may be enabled to make it up to you when you are my wife. I will try hard, my darling."

A spasm took his heart. The words struck him as being so very real.

"Arthur, I have known it for some time now. You must not grieve for me. I think even that death is rather near."

"What has killed you? I?"

A flush passed over her face. Yes, he had killed her. That it, his conduct had: the sensitive crimson betrayed it.

"I suppose the fact is, I should not in any case have lived long," she said, aloud. "I believe they feared something of the kind for me years ago. Arthur, don't! Don't weep; I cannot bear it."

Sir William Adair had just told him how his father had wept in his misery. And before Arthur could well collect himself, Sir William entered.

"You see," he whispered aside to Arthur, "why it may not be. There will be no marriage for her in this life. I am not surprised. I seem to have expected it always: my wife, her mother, died of decline."

Arthur Bohun quitted the house overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. What regret is there like unto that for past mistaken conduct, which can never be repaired, never remedied in this world?

CHAPTER XLVI.

NO HOPE.

Once more, and for good, does the scene change to Dallery.

Seated on the lawn-bench at Dallery Hall, in the sweet spring sunshine—for the time has again gone on—was Ellen Adair. Sir William Adair and Arthur Bohun were pacing amidst the flower-beds that used to be Mr. North's. Arthur stooped and plucked a magnificent pink hyacinth.

"It is not treason, sir, is it?" he asked, smiling.

"What is not treason?" returned the older man.

"To pick this."

"Pick as many as you like," said Sir William.

"Mr. North never liked us to pluck his flowers. Now and then Madam would make a ruthless swoop upon them for her entertainments. It grieved his heart bitterly; and I think that was whence we got an idea that he did not like us to pluck them."

"No wonder," said Sir William.

The restoration to the old happiness, the clearing-up of the dreadful cloud that had so fatally told upon her, seemed to infuse new vigor into Ellen's shortening span of life. With the exception of her father, everybody thought she was recovering; the doctors admitted, rather dubiously, that it "might be." She got wonderfully well through the winter, went out and about almost as of old—and when more genial weather set in, it was suggested by friends that she should be taken to a warmer climate. Ellen opposed it; it would be of no avail she knew, perhaps only hasten on the end; and after a private interview Sir William had with the doctors, as did not record it. Her great wish was to go to Dallery; and arrangements for their removal thither were made.

Dallery Hall was empty, and Sir William found that he could occupy it for the present, if he pleased. Mr. North had removed to the house that had been Mrs. Cumberland's, leaving his own furniture (in point of fact it was Richard's) at the Hall, hoping the next tenant, whoever that might prove to be, would take it to it. Miss Dallery seemed quite undecided what to do with the Hall, whether to let it for a term again or not. But she was quite willing that Sir William Adair should have it for a month or two.

And so he came down with Ellen, bringing his servants. This was only the third day after their arrival, and Mr. Arthur Bohun had arrived. Sir William had told him he might come when he would.

The change seemed to have done Ellen good, and she had had her visitors. Mrs. Gass had been there; Mr. North had come; and Richard ran in for a few minutes daily. Sir William welcomed them all heartily; Mrs. Gass, warmly; for she was the sister-in-law of Mrs. Cumberland—and Ellen had told him of Mrs. Gass's goodness of heart. She had untied her bonnet, tilting it to the back of her head without ceremony, and stayed luncheon with them.

Mr. North was alone in his new home, and likely to be; for his wife had relieved him of her society. Violently indignant at the prospect of removal from such a habitation as the Hall to that small home of the late Mrs. Cumberland's, Madam went off to London, with Matilda, and took Sir Nash Bohun's house by storm. Not an hour, however, had she been in it, when Madam found all her golden and aspiring dreams must be scattered to the four winds. Never again would Sir Nash receive her as a guest or tolerate her presence. The long hidden truth, as connected with his unfortunate brother's death had been made clear to him; first of all by General Strachan, next by Sir William Adair, with whom he became intimate.

What boots it to tell of the interview between Arthur and his mother? It was of a painful character. There was no out-spoken reproach; there was no loud voice raised. In a subdued manner, striving all the while for calmness, Arthur told her she had wilfully destroyed both himself and Ellen Adair; her life, for she was dying; his happiness. He recapitulated all that had been disclosed to him relating to his father's death; and Madam, brought to bay, never denied its accuracy.

"But that I dare not presume deliberately to fly in the face of one of Heaven's express Commandments, I would now cut you off for ever," he concluded in his bitter pain.

"Look upon you again as my mother, I cannot. I will help you when you need help; so far will I see the part of a son to you;

but all respect for you has been forced out of me; and I would prefer that we should not meet very often."

Madam went off the same day to Germany, Matilda and Parrot, the maid, to her uncle. Letters came from her to say she should never go back to Dallery, never; probably never set her foot on British soil again; and therefore she desired that a suitable income might be secured to her abroad.

And so Mr. North had his new residence all to himself—save for Richard. Jelly had taken up her post as his housekeeper, general manager, and upper servant; with a boy and a maid under her; and there was one out-door gardener. All of whom she dominated over to her heart's content. Jelly was regaining some of her lost flesh, and more than her lost spirits. Set at rest in a confidential interview with Mr. Richard, as to the very tangible nature of the apparition she had seen, Jelly was herself again.

Mr. North thought his garden lovely, more compact even than the extensive one at the Hall; he was out in it all day, working a bit between whiles, and felt at peace. Mrs. Gass came to see him often; Mary Dallery nearly daily; he had his good son Richard to hear him company in an evening; and altogether Mr. North was in much comfort. It had been Richard's intention to take a lodging for himself, but the departure of Madam changed his plans, and he went into the new house with his father. Dr. Rane's house remained empty, old Phillis, to whom also had been disclosed the truth, being there to take care of it. The doctor's personal effects had been sent to him by Richard.

And that's all that need be said of the changes just yet.

"Ellen looks much better, sir," remarked Arthur Bohun, as he twirled the pink hyacinth he had plucked.

"A little fresher, perhaps, from the country air," answered Sir William.

"I have not lost hope: she may be mine yet," he murmured.

Sir William did not answer. He would give her to Arthur now with his whole will and heart, had her health permitted it. Arthur himself looked ill; in the last few months he seemed to have aged years. An awful amount of remorse was ever upon him; his life, in its unavailing regret, seemed to be one long agony.

They turned across to where she was sitting.

"Would you not like to walk a little, Ellen?" asked her father.

She rose at once. Arthur held out his arm, and she took it. Sir William was quite content that it should be so: Arthur, and not himself. The three paced the lawn. Ellen wore a lilac silk gown, and warm white burnouse cloak. An elegant girl yet, though worn nearly to a shadow, with the same sweet face as of yore.

But she was soon tired, and sat down again—Arthur by her side. One of the gardeners came up for some orders, and Sir William went away with him.

"I have not been so happy for many a day, Ellen, as I am this one," began Captain Bohun. "You are looking quite yourself again. I think—in a little while—that you may be mine."

A blush, beautiful as the rose-flush of old, sat for a moment on her cheeks. She knew how fallacious was the hope.

"I am nearly sure that Sir William thinks so, and will soon give you to me," he added.

"Arthur," she said, putting her wan and wasted hand on his, "don't lay the hope to heart. The disappointment, when it came, would be all the harder to bear."

"But, my darling, you are surely better!"

"Yes, I seem so, just for a little time. But I fear that I shall never be well enough to be your wife."

"It was so very near once, you know," was all he whispered.

There was no one within view, and they sat, her hand clasped in his. The old expressive silence that used to lie between them of old, ensued now. They could not tell to each other more than they had told. In the most unexpected reconciliation that had come, in the bliss it brought, all had been disclosed. Arthur had heard all about her self-humiliation and anguish, he knew of the treacherous violet, and their supposed treachery; she had listened to his recital of the weeks of despair, she had seen the letter written to him from Bateau, worn with his kisses, tears, and kept in his bosom still. No: of the past there was nothing more to tell each other; so far they were at rest.

Arthur Bohun was still unconsciously twirling that pink hyacinth about in his fingers. Becoming awake to the fact, he offered it to her, putting it in her lap. A wan smile parted her lips.

"You should not have given it to me, Arthur."

"Why?"

Ellen took it up and smelt it. The perfume was very strong.

"Why should I not have given it to you?"

"Don't you know what the hyacinth is an emblem of?"

"No."

"Death."

One quick, pained glance at her. She was smiling yet, and looking rather fondly at the flower. Captain Bohun took both flower and hand in his.

"I always thought you liked hyacinths, Ellen."

"I have always liked them very much indeed. And I like the perfume—although it has something in it faint and sickly."

He quietly flung the flower on the grass, and put his foot on it to stamp out its beauty. A nearer emblem of death, now, than it was before: but he did not think of that.

"I'll find you a sweeter flower presently, Ellen. And you know—"

A visitor was crossing the lawn to approach them. It was Mary Dallery. She had not yet been to see Ellen. Something said by Mrs. Gass had sent her now. Hoping to call on Mrs. Gass that morning, Mary heard for the first time of the love that had so long existed between Captain Bohun and Miss Adair, and that the course of the love had been forcibly interrupted by Madam, who had put forth the plea to Ellen that her son was engaged to Miss Dallery.

Mary sat in mute surprise, recalling facts and fancies. "I know that Madam would have liked her son to marry me; the hints she gave me on the point were too broad for me to mistake that," returned Mary to Mrs. Gass. "Neither I nor Captain Bohun had any such thought or intention; we understood each other too well."

"Anyway, you once took to me," said Mrs. Gass.

Mary laughed. "It was only in sport; I did not think you were serious."

"They believed it at the Hall."

"Oh, did they? So much the better."

"My dear, I am afraid it was not for the better," answered Mrs. Gass rather solemnly. "They say that it has killed Miss Ellen Adair."

"What?" exclaimed Mary.

"Ever since that time when she first went to the Hall on Mrs. Cumberland's death, she has been wasting and wasting away. Her father, Sir William, has now brought her to Dallery, not to try if the change might restore her, for nothing but a miracle would do that, but because she took a whim to come. Did you hear that she was very ill?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"Well then, I believe it is nothing else but this business that has made her ill—Captain Bohun's deserting of her for you. She was led to believe it was so—and, until then, they were wrapped up in each other."

Mary Dallery felt her face grow hot and cold. She had been entirely innocent of ill-intention; but the words struck a strange chill of repugnance to her heart.

"I don't understand," she said in a frightened tone. "Captain Bohun knew there was nothing between us; that there was not the shadow of a pretence of it: why did he not tell her better?"

"Because he and she had parted on another score; they had been parted through a lie of Madam's who wanted him to marry you. I don't rightly know what the lie was: something frightfully grave; something he could not repeat again to Miss Adair; and Ellen Adair never heard it, and thought it was as Madam said—that he had turned his love over to you."

Mary sat as one struck dumb, thinking of the past. There was a long pause.

"How did you get to know this?" she breathed.

"Ah, well—partly through Mr. Richard. And I sat an hour talking with poor Miss Ellen yesterday, and caught a hint or two then."

"I will tell it straight," said Mary, feeling, though without much cause, bitterly repented.

"My dear, it has been all set straight between us since the winter. Nevertheless, Miss Mary, wait too late. Madam did her crafty work well."

"Madam deserves to be drawn through the place at the cart's tail," was the impulsive rejoinder of Miss Dallery.

She betook herself to the Hall there and then. And this explains her approach. Things had become pretty clear to her as she walked along. She had never been able to account for the manner in which Ellen seemed to have shunned her, to have avoided all approach to intimacy or friendship. That Mary Dallery had favored the impression that was abroad of Arthur Bohun's possible engagement to her, she was now all too conscious; or, at any rate, had not attempted to refute it. But she had never thought she was doing harm to any one.

Just as Arthur Bohun had started back when he first saw Ellen in the winter, so did Miss Dallery start now. Wan and wasted! Ay, indeed. Mary felt half sick to think what share she had held in it.

She said nothing at first. Room was made for her on the bench, and they talked of indifferent matters. Sir William came up and was introduced. Presently he and Arthur strolled to a distance.

Mary spoke then. Just a word or two, she said, of the misapprehension that had existed; and burst forth into her accusation.

"Ellen, I would have died rather than have caused you pain. Oh, if I had but known! Arthur and I were familiar with each other as brother and sister; never a thought of ought else was in our minds. If I let people think there was, why—it was done in a kind of coquetry. I had somebody else in my head you see, all the while, and that's the truth. And I am afraid I enjoyed the disappointment that would ensue for Madam."

Ellen smiled faintly. "It seems to have been a complication altogether. A kind of ill-fate that I suppose there was no avoiding."

"You must get well, and be his wife."

"Ay, I wish I could."

But some could be wishing that as Arthur was. Hope deceived him; he confidently thought that a month or two would see her his. Just for a few days the deceitful improvement in her continued.

One afternoon they drove to Dallery courtyard. Ellen and her father, Arthur sitting opposite them in the carriage. A fancy had taken her that she would once more look on Mrs. Cumberland's grave; and Sir William said he should like to see it.

The marble stone was up now, with its inscription. "Fanny, widow of the Reverend George Cumberland, Government Chaplain, and daughter of the late William Gass, Esq., of Whitborough." There was no mention of her marriage to Captain Rane. Perhaps Dr. Rane fancied the name was not in very good odor just now, and so omitted it. The place where the ground had been disturbed to take up these other coffins had been filled in again with earth.

Ellen drew Sir William's attention to a green spot near, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a tree that waved its leaves in the breeze, and flickered the grass beneath with ever-changing light and shade.

"It is the prettiest spot in all the churchyard," she said, touching his arm. "And yet no one has ever chosen it."

"It is very pretty, Ellen, but solitary."

"Will you let it be here, papa?"

He understood the soft whisper, and slightly nodded, compressing his lips. Sir William was not deceived. Years had elapsed, but to him it seemed to be his wife's case over again. There had been no hope for her; there was none for Ellen.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A genius by the name of Jeremiah Cory, of Holden, Missouri, has recently taken out a very novel patent. The invention consists in so combining and arranging a poultry roost with the gales of one or more bowlers that the perching of the poultry upon the roost will serve to automatically close the hives. The object is to insure the closing of the hives at night, so as to exclude the bee-moth, and the opening of the same in the morning, to permit the passage of the bees in and out during the day. The genius of our people is equal to all emergencies.

When a Montana man gets to "hankering for office right smart," they elect him sheriff, and he lives just two days.

The "drives without publicity" lawyers of Chicago are to be stopped from advertising their business by the judge.

The Prussian field post-office department receives about 40,000 letters, and sends to Germany over 300,000 every day.

The Chinese.

A recent writer, holding an official position under the British Government in Canton, has furnished some curious details as to the domestic expenses of Chinese. The currency in China is made up of three monetary denominations, to wit, the "tael," or ounce of silver, worth a year, \$1.25; the Mexican dollar; and the "cash," or "cand," of which nominally 1,000, but usually 1,500 to 1,600 constitute the dollar. This minute subdivision of the dollar affords great facilities for buying food and goods in small quantities. Now it has been stated that a Chinese beggar can maintain life upon 30 cash, or about two cents a day. Upon this point the writer mentioned says that in China life can be, and frequently is, supported for a considerable time upon even a less sum than 30 cash, but prefers to place the average cost of the food and lodging of the lowest class of Chinese at 45 cash, or three cents a day. At this rate the cost of living per month would amount to 90 cents, and this is the lowest sum upon which existence can be indefinitely prolonged. The next higher class, the ordinary laborer or coolie, expends from \$1.50 to \$2 a month for food alone. At \$3, it is estimated the coolie could live above the style of his class. Upon such a small quantity of rice, fish and vegetables and pork, once a day; upon one dollar a month, he might be able to live for some time, but would, in all probability, be finally broken down by disease, resulting from hard work, exposure and poorness of diet. The better classes in China, who live comfortably, but without display, are estimated to expend about \$4 a month for each individual.

In regard to rent, the Chinese enjoy superior advantages, the cheapest houses for a single person being as low as 70 cents a month, and these narrow quarters being often occupied by two or three families. A married coolie will, it is stated, share a house of three rooms with another married coolie at a total rental of \$3 a month. The class expending an average of \$4 a head for food will occupy a house renting from \$75 to \$90 a year. The rate of wages for servants in houses renting for the above sum is from 60 cents to \$1.40 a month in addition to food, and three servants form the ordinary establishment of a married man with children. Two dollars a month, it is believed, would cover the expense of such servants; in some families the servants are also supplied with clothes. From the above considerations the total expenses of a Chinese laborer for himself and wife, are fixed at \$3.80 for food and one dollar for rent, making a necessary outlay of \$4.80 per month, exclusive of clothes.

The lowest sum on which a Chinese could manage to work and to support life, would be \$3.35 for food and rent. The cost of living in the various classes of Chinese cannot be particularized in the different grades, but the expenses of a family of the respectable better class composed of a man, his wife and three children, are placed at \$30 a month, divided as follows: For rent, \$5; food for three servants, \$5; food for parents, \$5; food for the three children, \$5, and wages of servants \$5, making the total of \$30, as above given. The prime necessities of life in China are very cheap, but it is asserted that the silly stories of the Chinese want of nicety in eating garbage and offal, are utterly destitute of foundation and ill-founded, as none but the lowest beggars eat anything that would offend the tastes of the European nose.

In France, they are building two-story railroad cars. There is a great saving of first cost in them, and also in dead weight. The latter amounts to only 500 pounds per passenger, while in this country more than 800 weight per passenger is rarely less than 800 pounds, and often more. The new style would probably be of great advantage to roads that carry a large number of passengers for short distances, so on lines converging to the great cities, where there is a great population within five or ten miles that has to be transported to and from their business daily.

THE INCOME TAX.—Justice Strong having decided that Congress could not interpret a law, and that the Income Tax having expired January 1, 1870, was consequently null and void until re-enacted, Commissioner Douglas has taken steps to have this decision brought up for early revision by the Supreme Court, in order that if sustained the department can arrange to refund what has been collected, and cease its collection for the period during which it was authorized by law.

The Trustees of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., have unanimously elected General G. W. C. Lee, second son of General Robert E. Lee, as President of the institution, to succeed his father. They have also changed the name of the College to "Washington-Lee University."

The Prison of Wales was recently installed Patron of the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons of Scotland.

Ide Lewis was recently married to Wm. M. Wilson, of Black Rock, Conn.

Official returns of the South Carolina election show that all the Congressional districts have been carried by the Republicans. De Lays (colored Republican) beat Bowen (white Republican) in the Charleston district.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Sketches of Charles Dickens.

BY HANFORD JONES.

It is surprising that since Mr. Dickens's death no one should have conceived the idea of writing a sketch of that illustrious author. It is perhaps too much to require that some competent person prepare his biography, but the public have a right to expect at least a few reminiscences. I am persuaded to sketch the following imperfect outlines only from a conviction that the great novelist has in this respect been neglected. I trust I shall not be deemed to have broken the seal of private confidence in thus disclosing how well I knew him, and (what is still more remarkable) how well he knew me.

[While Mr. Dickens was on his first visit to this country, the writer had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He put up in Philadelphia, at a well-known and fashionable boarding-house then kept by an aunt of mine, at the corner of Second and Thirtieth streets. He never said anything while there, until he came to pay his board bill, when, bidding my aunt farewell, he observed: "Mrs. Rogers, for instance and brevity, your steaks surpass any I have ever met with." Aunt Sarah had these words neatly framed, and they have hung in her back parlor to this day.

Before he came again, the country had made wonderful progress. A new generation had been born, including myself.

When the steamer was signaled, I went down on the wharf. Dickens was standing near the rail, and wore a coat, vest, pants, and a hat. I couldn't make out through the glass how much they cost, and I forgot to ask him afterward. Shortly after she had hoisted into the dock, I went on board. We shook hands. Mr. Dickens had a peculiar way of reserving his right hand for this purpose, though on great occasions he could use both. We employed all four, with the understanding that a more formal demonstration should be made at Parker's. I offered to carry his valise. Gradually declining my services, he betokened his appreciation of my delicate attention by presenting me on the spot with a complete set of his works—Author's Edition.

"My dear fellow," he whispered, "there's a Boston man down below, blacking my other pair of boots, who'd feel hurt if I should let anybody else take that bag."

I called upon him as soon as he was fairly settled, and found him in his shirt-sleeves, writing vigorously. Mr. Dickens's intimate friends are aware that he indulged in the habit, while writing, of occasionally dipping his pen in the inkstand. I don't remember much about the room except that there were several chairs (good chairs) and a table in it. The distinguished occupant was sitting about nine and a half feet from the door facing the Southwest, his hair well brushed, head a little inclined to the right, except his eyes, which were inclined to twinkle as though he had just hit upon something particularly bright and happy. The carpet was green with a red figure. You could see in a moment that he was a man of genius. The room was lighted with gas. Was it possible that the immortal author of "Dickens's Works" was before me? [Upon the table was a cigar, half consumed, an inkstand, three pen-holders, a bundle of envelopes, a brass key, several bouquets, a paper-cutter, a stick of sealing-wax, a quantity of writing-paper, a table-clock (screw), a newspaper (the date has escaped me), and such other things as are usually on such tables.]

Dickens, as soon as he saw me, stopped writing, wiped his pen, ran his fingers through his hair, took out his watch and wound it up, brushed his coat and put it on (not forgetting to place a rose in the button-hole), and then, waving his hands very gracefully (he wore high-priced studs and a pair of elaborately built sleeve-buttons), addressed me as follows:—

Mr. Dickens (with tender embrace). Barnfield!!!

Mr. Young (representing American Literature). Charles!!!!

The remainder of our conversation was devoted to minor topics.

Early one morning we started from the Parker House, and walking rapidly over West Boston bridge passed through Cambridge, by the College, and kept on traveling, without speaking a word, the best part of a couple of days. I should judge, though I didn't have my watch with me. Suddenly he asked the name of the town we were rapidly approaching.

"Great Barrington," said I.

"Is it possible?" said he. And we turned and walked home again.

His first reading in America was a private one to me. We had come in from a thirty-mile walk, and I was somewhat tired. Taking up the second volume of his History of England, he began in an easy, careless way. So did I. I went to sleep. Just as he was finishing the book I woke up; and when he asked me how I liked it, I told him frankly that, in my opinion, it never would do in the world—the plot was too eccentric.

He was a kind man. Frequently he would ride for days together up and down a railroad, for no other purpose than to help take cinders out of people's eyes.

He was fond of oysters, of children, dogs, and an international copyright. I remember his meeting me once on Broadway and he didn't recognize me. He never mentioned the incident afterward. It has been said that he was also fond of dress. I regret that I never asked him about this, though I recall the circumstance of my inquiring where he had his vests made. Said he: "My vests were made abroad."

He never liked to sit for his photograph; consequently, he generally stood up.

It pleased him to receive letters requesting his autograph and a look of his hair. The articles were invariably sent by return mail. He was also gratified at the privilege of shaking hands with people whom he was never to see again. I once honored him by introducing in a body two fire companies and a Sunday-school.

As we parted he gave me excellent advice: "Write with vigor," said he, "with sincerity, and with ink; but don't write novels. It might injure the sale of my books." I promised him I would not, and we saw each other no more.—Punchinello.

Mark Twain has given us, in the Galaxy, some delicious bits of obituary poetry, but here are some lines on a Kansas baby, seven months old, which is quite equal to the samples of the humorist:—

Our cottage, ay, is lovelier now,
We see the drows and the
But not the eye and noble brow
That filled her empty crib.



THE NURSERY DINNER.

MAMMA.—"It's very naughty of you, Fanny, to say you won't have your dinner, and really wicked to say it's nasty, after having said your grace so prettily!"

FANNY.—"Yes, but, mamma, I wouldn't have said grace if I'd known it was Irish stew!"

A CEMENT Joke.

And all the more palatable because it is true, and can be vouched for, took place a few Sundays since at one of the prominent New Jersey churches. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said:—"All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who, by the way, was a little deaf, having an eye to selling the books, and supposing his pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted, "And all you who haven't any, can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each."

The preacher looked cross-eyed at the deacon; the brothers looked at the deacon; the audience punched the deacon in the side, the bubble grew larger until it burst into a loud guffaw; ladies colored up, crimsoned, blushed, and thanked the lord for the low price of peopling the earth. There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of.

The deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of the church to the third from the rear; and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled with the thought that the young ladies can't snicker at him.

Trading Horses.

The Methodist begins an article on "Religion and Business" in this striking way:—A few weeks since, while travelling in one of the New England states, we met an eccentric old man who combined the occupations of farmer, horse-dealer and colporteur. In his "work of mercy," as he styles his colporting, he distributes tracts gratuitously, and sells Bibles and other religious books at cost to those who can pay for them, and gives them away to the poor. We were very much impressed, as well as amused, with one remark which the old man made in the course of the conversation. "Now," said he, "when I start on a work of mercy, and stop to deal in horses, I never have good luck. The fact is, I don't want the Lord around when I'm trading horses!"

A TOUCH CANE.—Elder Knapp, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting in Arkansas, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be ministered. After a pause, a tall, powerful-looking man, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, said: "Elder, I don't want to interfere any in this yere business; but I want to say, that is a hardened old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

An Obvious Illustration.

Customer.—"Waiter, do you call this a milk toast?—why, there's no milk to be seen."

Waiter.—"Milk all gone into the toast, sir."

Customer.—"But there's no toast to speak of."

Waiter.—"Toast all gone into the milk, sir."

Customer.—"Ah, ha!—there's an idea in that, by Jove. I'll go straight home and write a pamphlet upon the new theory of mutual absorption."

Waiter.—"Yes sir. Don't forget to mention the Kilkenny Cats, sir!"—Punchinello.

Mind 'Em First.

Two years ago, during a great rivalry between two hotels in Massachusetts, both houses running free coaches, one of the proprietors had put every available vehicle on the road, among which was one in a most dilapidated condition, threatening dissolution with every bounce. This coach was driven to the depot, and having secured two passengers, the driver drove in triumph to the hotel, which he approached with a grand flourish of the whip and air of the greatest triumph. Calling upon a waiter to open the coach door to help out the passengers, the coach was found to be empty!

"Where the dickens are they?" said the proprietor, as he looked in with a glance of consternation.

"They dropped through the bottom, up here about a mile," said a little fellow who had just then drove up, and old Waiter, of the Horseshoe, picked 'em up and carried 'em home.

"Did he?" said the rival landlord; "well, by thunder, I knew I had 'em first—there's some consolation in that; the other house has to be content with my leavings."

"I love the world the more, because I know it is God's world, even as a dry leaf, given by a lover, is dearer than all pearls from whose loves us not."—Theodore Parker.

AGRICULTURAL.

We Should Raise More Stock in the South.

BY A SOUTHERNER.

One of the great defects of the farming practice of the South is want of attention to stock of all kinds. On many places well adapted to the raising of cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses, the farm work is done by mules, obtained from abroad; the laborers are fed on pork produced in the West, the butter used by the family comes from the grocery, the cattle and sheep are poor, ill fed and neglected, and the hogs few and unthrifty in comparison with what they should be.

Our farmers should understand that the great reliance for the improvement of the soil is upon the stock of the farm. Without stock a sufficient supply of domestic manures cannot be made, and the farm will inevitably decline in fertility until its cultivation ceases to be profitable. Moreover the farmer who tries it will find that it is more profitable to turn his surplus grain and roots into beef, pork, mutton, butter, and a copious supply of valuable home made manure, than to send it off to market at a heavy expense for transportation. These remarks are more especially applicable to our uplands of moderate fertility. On rich alluvial lands and swamps grain is made in sufficient quantities to justify its sale. And in the interior wheat on improved lots is generally a good farming crop. Our farmers generally accept the principle that it is not profitable to raise corn for market on their uplands, but they do not inquire sufficiently into the question whether on such lands grain may not be profitably raised for stock.

In Europe they keep large herds and flocks, by means of their fine meadows and pastures, and by raising large quantities of roots, for winter feeding. By this means, they not only have the finest meat, but milk, butter, cheese, and wool; and raise manure enough, to keep their lands up to the highest point of productivity. We might adopt their system here, with some modification, with great advantage. There are no better natural pastures in the union, than may be found in the mountain districts of the south, as well as those below tide water, in the eastern parts. As our winters are short, it will require comparatively a small area, to be planted in roots, and clover, and other grasses, to support a large stock.

The manure raised, instead of being applied to grain crops, as in the old countries and in the Northern states, where the system has been adopted to some extent should here be applied to cotton. I know from my own experience, that even under the old system, where the stock are allowed to run in the woods, during summer, and are sparingly fed during winter, with the offal of the grain crop, sufficient manure can be raised per head to make a four hundred pound bale of cotton. If they were provided with good summer pastures, and with plenty of hay, and turnips during the winter, the quantity of manure would be incalculably increased, and its quality much enhanced.

The more root crops, there would be the more stock; the more stock, the more manure; the more manure, the more cotton. Under this system, we might make as much cotton as we do, on one-third of the land, save the money paid for fertilizers, and supply ourselves with an abundance of fat beef and mutton, milk and butter, articles that are extremely rare, even on the tables of our wealthiest farmers—the more shame to them that it is so.

But the only way our farmers can be induced to keep a large stock of cattle, is to convince them that they can make more cotton thereby, and at less cost. No system will be adopted by them, that does not revolve around this pivot.

There is now an awakening among the agriculturists of the South to the necessity of improving the breeds of their domestic animals. Almost any person of proper qualifications who will undertake the business of raising animals of improved breeds, will find it a profitable business. Such animals are being constantly brought southward at great expense and with some risk, on account of change of climate, food, &c. A trader at the South possesses many and obvious advantages, which may be summed up in one sentence. He has the market at his door.

The raising of fine horses is a business which may be profitably followed in some portions.—American Stock Journal.

Keeping Milch Cows.

It is an axiom among many of our dairymen that much grain fed to stock will not pay—that it is lost; fattening it is a distasteful thing, and may pay or may not. Sometimes it does not. But for much cows there is one thing that will pay. It is the feeding of green, tender hay, cut green or young. From such hay—it may be said grass—butter is made equal to fall and summer butter—though not so quality. Give butter. The quantity of milk is large in November and December, and again at calving time there is an excellent flow of milk, not quite so rich, perhaps, as grain would make it, but rich and copious; and it was brought without the great expense, the cost not being more than one half.

When summer opens, your cow is still strong, and will continue in that condition on good feed,—that is, good pasture,—and when getting short, fed on corn-stalks, provided for her, which is but a continuation of the green pasture. And when winter comes your cow will still be sound and strong,—not over fed, and may pay or may not. Sometimes it does not. But for much cows there is one thing that will pay. It is the feeding of green, tender hay, cut green or young. From such hay—it may be said grass—butter is made equal to fall and summer butter—though not so quality. Give butter. The quantity of milk is large in November and December, and again at calving time there is an excellent flow of milk, not quite so rich, perhaps, as grain would make it, but rich and copious; and it was brought without the great expense, the cost not being more than one half.

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Wordsworth in conversation.—It is curious to observe that, both in Wordsworth's prose writings and in his conversation, his style was essentially the opposite of that which he adopted in his poetry, evidently proving that the latter style was the result rather of theory than of his natural turn of mind. His mode of talking sometimes resembled a moral declamation: it was happily described by a remark which one of his little granddaughters, a clever child, once made: "Grandpapa," she exclaimed, looking up in amazement, "is reading without a book!"

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 6, 11, are the same, and begin the names of three counties in Ohio.
My 2, 7, 12, are the same, and begin the names of three celebrated characters connected with the building of ancient Rome.

My 3, 8, 13, are the same, and begin the names of three cities in Scotland.
My 4, 9, 14, are the same, and begin the names of three Southern cities.
My 5, 10, 15, are the same, and begin the names of three cities in Ireland.
My whole is the title of a poem.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Middle.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1st is in ought, but not in thought.
My 2d is in wrought, but not in thought.
My 3d is in gaunt, but not in gaunt.
My 4th is in grade, but not in grade.
My 5th is in knot, but not in knot.
My 6th is in time, but not in rhyme.
My 7th is in eight, but not in great.
My 8th is in snow, but not in snow.
My 9th is in pretty, but not in pity.
My 10th is in cough, but not in doll.
My 11th is in fool, but not in mile.
My 12th is in night, but not in bright.
My 13th is in frame, but not in blame.
My 14th is in made, but not in paid.
My 15th is in dance, but not in grace.
My 16th is in shade, but not in trade.
My 17th is in freight, but not in weight.
My 18th is in case, but not in reign.
My 19th is in took, but not in shook.
My 20th is in witty, but not in pretty.
My 21st is in sought, but not in taught.
My 22d is in sought, but not in taught.
My whole is a country of South America.

Abbotstown, Pa.

T. B. C.

Charade.

What children often say, questioned in between two prepositions, is what vegetable?
PHILIP.

Land-dividing Problem.

Frederick was the owner of an oblong tract of land, whose four sides (perimeter) amounted to the sum of 900 perches. The diagonal from any of its corners to the opposite corner being 365 perches. He sold the same to his two neighbors, Andrew and Jacob, for \$25,000, of which sum Andrew paid \$2,728.75, Jacob paying the balance. Then these two purchasers agreed among themselves that Andrew's share of the land should be valued at 90 cents per acre higher than Jacob's part, and each should take out of their full purchase money in land. How many acres of said tract did each of said purchasers get?

An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many such globes as the earth are equal in bulk to the sun, if the earth is 8,000 miles in diameter and the sun 800,000 miles?

E. F. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Q. Why is a promising ball-player like four and eggs? A. Because he is calculated to make a good batter.
Q. Why are husband and wife not one, but two? A. Because the wife is Number One, and the husband goes for nothing.
Q. How was the ark propelled? A. By a-N oah, of course.
Q. What is the most bashful letter? A. Modest T.
Q. Why does the washing come home on a Saturday? A. Because it's the close (clothes) of the week.
Q. What relatives ought to make the best price-takers? A. Step sons.
Q. When may money be called wet? A. When it is due in the morning and mist at night.
Q. When may a smith be said to commit a felony? A. When he forges.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie, wait but for wings, and in their season fly."
RIBBLER.—Nemesis.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of July 23d.—7 lbs. Ego Geo, Joseph S. Phobus.
Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of July 30th.—The sides are 94 and 112 rods in length, and the diagonal 140. E. P. Norton, Joseph S. Phobus.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of August 27th.—64 feet. Ego Geo, Joseph S. Phobus.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Aug. 20th.—Ten thousand, preferable by one hundred dollars. J. D. Williams.

Answers to Artemus Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 8th.—14,142,135 inches. Artemus Martin. 12 1054 inches. J. S. Phobus.

Answer to Ernst Kuehl's PROBLEM of Oct. 8th.—M-a-n-a. Ernst Kuehl, J. S. Phobus.

Answer to J. D. W.'s PROBLEM of Oct. 23d.—5, 7 and 9. J. D. W., Mary McDade.

RECIPTS.

PICKLES.—There is a prejudice against pickles, perhaps it is because boarding-school girls of a sickly hue, are said to dispose of marvellous quantities of them.—Whatever the prejudice, it is not well founded. It is a blessed discovery that salt and vinegar will carry over something of the greenness of summer into the barren winter. Almost any vegetable preserved in good cider vinegar, (not dilute sulphuric acid), is a healthful condiment, and aids digestion. There is nothing better than the cucumber. Pick them while small, and preserve in strong brine. Cabbage makes a good pickle, but we can keep this fresh through the winter, and use raw, which is better. Peppers, the thick-skinned squash variety, are almost indispensable in the pickle jar. We would suggest onions, were not the prejudice against and the love for this Egyptian vegetable universal. These come cheapest, prepared from green-fleshed melons, well stuffed with cabbage, horse-radish, nasturtiums, &c.

TO PICKLE GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice 1 peck of green tomatoes; take 1 gallon vinegar, 6 tablespoonsful whole cloves, 1 of allspice, 3 of salt, 1 of mace, 1 of cayenne pepper; boil the vinegar and spices 10 minutes; put in the tomatoes and boil all together 1 hour; let get; when cold put in jars. There is no nicer pickle.